

Satyr against Brandy:

A Song upon Ale

Farewel damn'd *Syrrian* Juyce, that dost bewitch,
From the Court Bawd, down to the Country Bitch;
Thou Liquid Flame, by whom each fiery Face
Lives without Meat, and blushes without Grace;
Sink to thy Native Hell to mend the Fire,
Or if it please thee to ascend yet higher,
To the dull Climate go, from whence you came,
Where Wit and Courage do require your Flame;
Where they Carouse it in *Vesuvian* Bowls,
To crust the Quagmire of their spongy Souls:
Had *Dives* for thy scorching Liquor cry'd,
Abraham in Mercy had his suit deny'd,
Had *Bonner* known thy force, the Martyrs Blood
Had hiss'd in thee, and sav'd the Nations Wood:
Essence of Ember, scum of melting flint,
With all the Native sparkles floating in't;
Sure the *Hack-Chymist* with his Cloven foot,
All *Aetna's* simples in one Lymbeck put,
And double still'd, nay quintessenc'd thy Juyce,
To charcoal Mortals for his future use.
Fire-ship of Nature, thou dost doubly wound,
For they that grapple thee, are burnt and drown'd:
Gods past and future Anger breath in you,
A Deluge and a Conflagration too.
View yonder Sot, I do not mean *Sh* *Sh* *Sh*
Grilled all o're, by thee, from head to foot,
His greasie Eye-lids shoar'd above their pitch,
His Face with Carbuncles, and Rubies rich,
His Scull instead of Brains supply'd with Cinder,
His Nose turn'd all his Handkerchiefs to Tinder;
His Stomach don't concoct, but bake his Food;
His Liver even vitrefies his Blood;
His trembling hand scarce heaves his Liquor in,
His Nerves all crackle under's Parchment Skin;
His Guts from Natures drudgery are freed,
And in his Bowels *Salamanders* breed.
The moving Glass-house lightens with his Eyes,
Singes his Cloaths, and all his Marrow fries,
Glowes for a while, and then in Ashes dyes.
Thus like a sham *Promethius* we find,
Thou stol'st a Fire from Hell, to kill Mankind.
But stay, least I the Saints dire Anger merit,
By stinting their Auxilliary Spirit.
I am inform'd, whar'e're we wicked think,
Brandy's reform'd, and turn'd a godly Drink;
Thou'lt left thy old bad Company of Vermin,
The swearing Porters, and the drunken Carmen;
And the new drivers of the *Hackney* Coaches,
And now tak'st up with sage discreet debauches,
Thou freely drop'st upon Gold Chains, and Furr,
And Sons of Quality thy Minions are.
No more shalt thou foment an Ale-house brawl,
But the more sober Riots of *Guild-Hall*;
Where by the Spirits fallible Direction,
We Reprobates once po'd for an Election:
If this trade hold, what shall we Mortals do,
The Saints Sequester even our Vices too.
For since the Art of Whoring's grown precise,
And Perjury has got demure Eyes,
'Tis time, high time to circumcise the Gill,
And not let Brandy be *Phisitian* still.

A Song upon Ale.

When the chill *Sirocco* blows,
And Winter tells an heavy Tale,
When Daws, and Pyes, and Rooks and Crows,
Sir cursing of the Frosts and Snows,
Then give me *Ale*.

Ale, in a Northern Runkin there,
Such as will make grim *Malkin* prate,
Makes Valour bourgeois in tall Men,
Quickens the Poets Wit and Pen,
And laughs at Fate.

Ale, which the Tinkers hammer steels,
And drums it on the clamorous brass,
Larrums the Countrey Town and Fields,
When *Madges* kettles out at heels,
And torn poor *Lads*.

Ale, which the absent Battle fights,
And forms the march of warlike Drum,
Disputes of Princes, Laws and Rights,
What was, what is, tells Mortal Wights,
And whar's to come.

Ale, which the Beggars Heart up keeps,
And equals them to Tyrants Thrones,
Which wipes the Eye that over-weepes,
And lulls in sweet and gentle sleeps,
Our wearied bones.

Grand-child of *Ceres*, Barley's Daughter,
Wine's emulous Sister, if but stale,
Ennobling all the Nymphs of Water,
Thine half Blood, Grandmother of Laughter,
Ah, give me *Ale*.

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

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